

374 SONNETS.

SONNET LVIII.



|AiR CLYTIE doth flourish with the Spring ;
And, eftsoons, withered like thy golden Hair
!
And lo's violets grow flourishing, [bear !
But soon defaced; which thine Eyes
semblance
Anemone with hyacinth, Spring's pride,
(Like to thy Beauty !) lose their lovely
gloss : So will thy Cheeks, with graces
beautified, Return to wrinkles, and to
Nature's dross !
Roses, as from thy lips, sweet odours send,
Which herbs (in them whilst juice and virtues
rest) From some diseases' rigour, life defend :
These (as Thyself !) once withered, men
detest !
Then love betimes ! These withered flowers
of yore
Revive ! Thy beauty lost, returns no more !

SONNET LIX.



•H ME ! sweet beauty lost, returns no
more-
And how I fear mine heart fraught with
disdain !
Despair of her disdain, casts doubt before;
And makes me thus of mine
heart's hope
complain. Ah, me ! nor mine heart's hope,
nor help. Despair!
Avoid my Fancy ! Fancy's utter bane !
My woes' chief worker ! Cause of all my
care !
Avoid my thoughts ! that Hope may me
restore To mine heart's heaven, and happiness
again !
Ah, wilt thou not ? but still depress my
thought!
Ah, Mistress ! if thy beauty, this hath
wrought, That proud disdainfulness shall in
thee reign :
Yet, think! when in thy forehead wrinkles be;
Men will disdain thee, then, as thou dost me!